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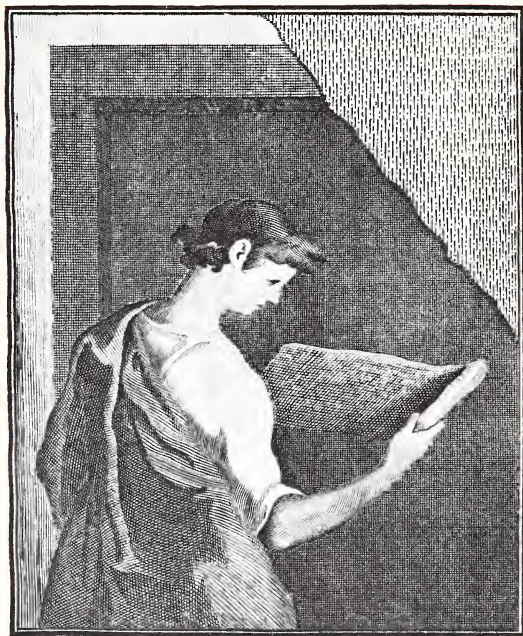
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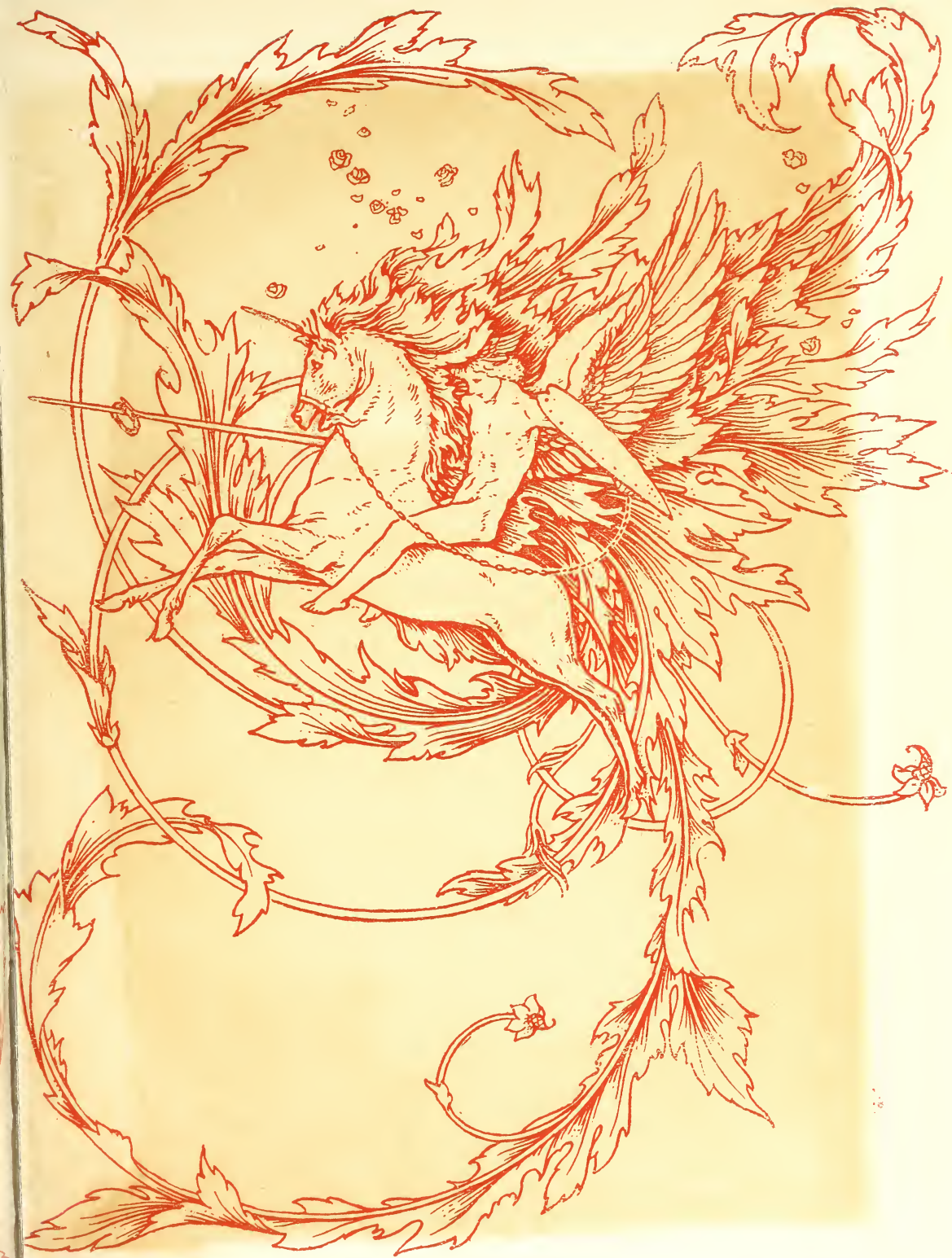
The Dome

a Quarterly containing Ex-
amples of All the Arts  

Published at The Unicorn Press 26 Paternoster
Square London Midsummer Day MDCCCXCVII



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The Dome:

a Quarterly containing Examples
of All the Arts

London : Published at **The Unicorn Press** xxvi Pater - Noster
Square on Midsummer Day mdccxcvii

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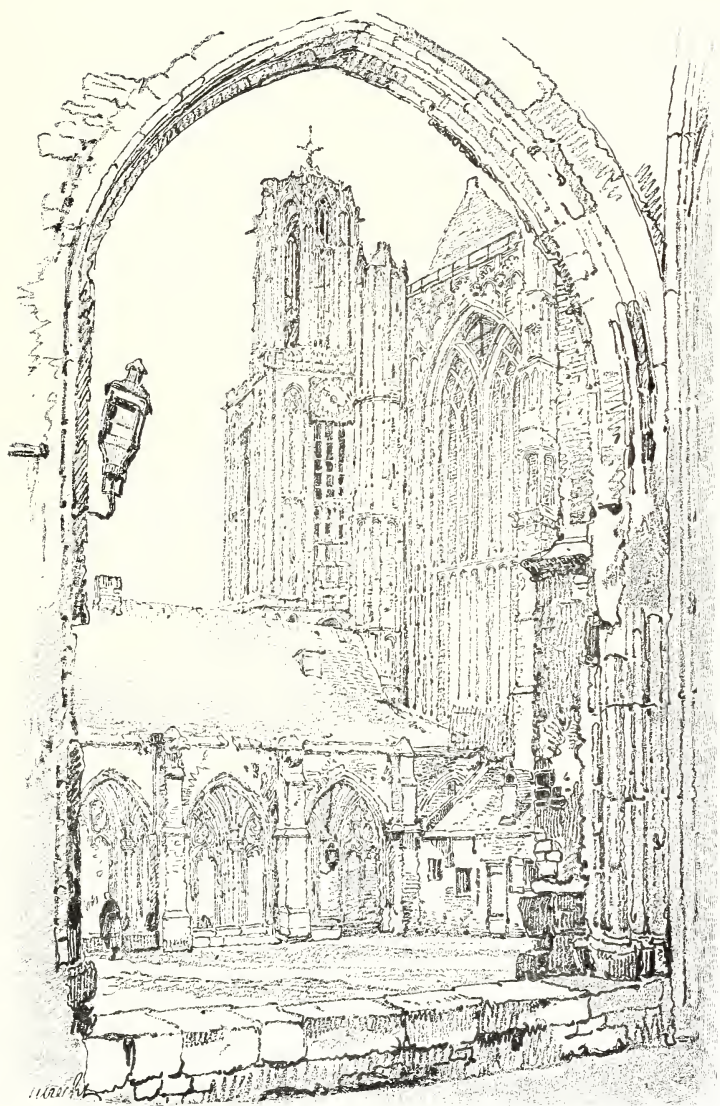
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Architecture



Utrecht Cathedral

The master-builder of *The Dome* bids me hew and join a few sentences in praise of the cathedral at Utrecht, as presented in the accompanying drawing by Samuel Prout. He forbids me to expand upon the drawing as a drawing; which is a hardship; for of Prout's mastery of his most congenial medium,—his searching and fruitful knowledge of what could be done with the fair white sheet called paper, and the cedar wand with its soft pith of magic lead called a pencil; of his instinct for the essential in a scene; of his feeling for the charm and pathos of worn brick and crumbling stone, and of many other things which touch the man and his art,—the tongue could wag with pleasure and with ease. But I am to look at the drawing simply as an architectural record—as a note of a work of art rather than as a work of art itself.

There are, however, those who will exclaim that there is more and better art in a fine Prout than in all the churches of Holland put together. "Merely vast warehouses of devotion," says one reputable and voluminous writer,

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dismissing the whole architecture, secular and ecclesiastical, of Rembrandt's country in four rather peevish pages. Gothic churches on a grand scale are as abundant in the Netherlands as they are at home, but to find one of them drawn or described in any of the otherwise comprehensive architectural works, which appear from time to time, is the rarest of experiences. The Hollanders are accused of mere apishness in employing the Gothic style, and of downright dulness in apprehending its import and beauty. Yet a man who has found that bit of Rotterdam which beats Venice; who has seen, from under Delft's lindens on a summer evening, the image of the Oude Kerk's leaning tower in the still canal, and has gone to bed—perchance to awake in the moonlight while the Nieuwe Kerk's many bells are rippling a silver tune over the old roofs and gables; who has drunk his beer full opposite the Stadhuis at Leyden, and seen Haarlem's huge church across magnificent miles of gaudytulips, and watched from a brown-sailed boat on the Zuider Zee a buoy on the horizon grow into the water-gate of Hoorn; who knows his Gouda and Bois-le-duc and Alkmaar and Kampen and Utrecht: this man does not fret over wasted days.

Many of us come back as fault-finders because Holland gives us a brick when we ask for a stone. I believe that, save in one ridiculous islet in the Zuider Zee, not a single pebble is native to the country, so that the hapless Hollander cannot so much as bombard a dog without ceasing to be a patriot. It is, therefore, in

Utrecht Cathedral

brick and wood and metal that he has striven to realise the conceptions of men who thought in stone. Had he accepted his limitations frankly, and searched out all the potentialities of the materials he had, he might have given to the art of building in brick a character to which it has only timidly and fitfully attained. But his earth was not suffered to serve his architecture as its exhalations afterwards served his pictures. Shaped into brick, it sought from afar a supplement of stone, and wrought it with a result which speaks of parsimoniousness and fumbling. Utrecht is fairly free from these reproaches; but Utrecht is a work of German art though not on German soil. Of Holland, generally, what has been said is not unjust.

And yet it cannot but be felt that these piles, lumbering and secondhand though they be, have a certain impressiveness of their own. Looking down a side street of Rotterdam at the enormous flank of St. Lawrence's, and again at St. Peter's in Leyden, it seems as if all the bricks in the world have been built up in one place. Apart from their smaller size, bricks appear far more numerous in a wall than do blocks of stone, because they make a stronger contrast with the mortar. In the laborious articulation of these millions of clay blocks one first finds Egypt; then quickly remembers how indigenous it all is, and how characteristic of the untiring Hollander, who rules the waves even more proudly than the Briton, and has cheated them of the very ground beneath his feet. And if sermons may

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be found in bricks as well as stones, one has a thought while looking at them about Christianity itself. Certainly there is often pitiful littleness and shortcoming in the individual believer, just as each separate brick of these millions is stained or worn or fractured; and yet the Christian Church, august and significant, still towers before men; even as these old blocks of clay compile vastly and undeniably in an overpowering whole.

Not that these, or indeed any other, moralisings are aided and abetted by the present Protestant guardians of the old cathedrals and churches of Holland. Many of the interiors are whitewashed, and crowded with the clumsy and tasteless woodwork of countless pews. Railings of cheap iron often convert the choir into a huge compartment for lumber.

Pilgrims to Caen are shocked at finding St. Sauveur's a corn-market, and the precious church of St. Nicolas a hay-warehouse, but the secularisation is at least honest and thoroughgoing. Grand old St. Bavo's, at Haarlem, however, is supposed to be a Christian sanctuary still; yet the Haarlemers sit out the famous organ recitals with their hats on. But I need not wander out of sight of the cloisters of Utrecht for illustrations. Entering its beautiful thirteenth-century choir, where frightful pews quite ruin the effect of the eighteen slender columns, I have seen the sacristan, hat on head, smoking a pipe of unutterable rankness. I have fled to the tower, to catch sight of a tramcar, staringly labelled with one interminable adjective in praise of a cocoa, rocking jauntily

Utrecht Cathedral

through the vaulted passage which it rests upon. A hundred steps up the keeper has strolled from some lurking place, offering to vend me any liquor nameable, from the effeminate "Advocaat"—which is for all the world like a custard mildly drunk on sherry—to the fire-water which makes Schiedam and its chimneys dearer to the Hollander than Utrecht and all its churches.

Those churches were better given back to their old owners and the worship for which they were designed. Their pallid walls and naked sanctuaries appeal mutely against a rape too long unavenged, and bide wistfully for the return of their rightful lord, too long delaying his peace-offerings of flowers and incense. No religion, so long as it retains its life, should be evicted from the proper tabernacle which it has reared so painfully in this wilderness; for the plunderer who strips it of a living organism enriches himself only by a body of death. Every faith expresses itself at last in architecture. It is no accident that the minaret helps the muezzin to shout abroad his loud witness for Allah and Mahomet; or that the sermon-loving Nonconformist sets his big pulpit in the place of honour and in the sight of all, as the High Churchman does his grand altar. With a few lapses and falterings everyone comes to his own at last. It is only for a season that the Unitarian dissembles the innate coldness of his creed by spoiling the enemy's camp of Trinitarian architecture and revised Te Deums, and like illogical accessories; while already the Salvation Army realises, here and there, its dear dreams of a

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corrugated iron shed with a castellated front of brick. To each his own; and equal shame to the Quaker who covets St. Paul's, and to the Roman who would seize the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A water-lily makes a poor button-hole.

But perhaps that forbidden theme, the artistry of Prout, were less impertinent than such considerations as these; and while pondering them I have climbed high above the reek of schnapps and Pilsener to the gallery at the foot of the octagon. From here one can see how vast a space the cathedral covered before the nave fell two hundred years ago. A drawing of Utrecht from the east, by Antonie Waterloo, who survived the nave by two years at least, is at present on exhibition in the Print Gallery of the British Museum; but Antonie Waterloo has slapped in the details, and even some main facts of the architecture, with the fine carelessness and the evident want of feeling for the style which too often marked Turner's treatment of Gothic buildings two centuries later on. But this is dragged in to fill the pages allotted to this article. For nothing shall compel me to recall, even for the few minutes which their description would require, the sensations peculiar to the very top of the tower shown in this drawing of Prout's. This is cowardly, of course. But let the scoffer, who has perchance lolled in comfort on the far higher spires of Rouen and Strasburg and Cologne, scale the poor three hundred and thirty feet of Utrecht, and learn how like the notch of an upright clothes-prop it is on the top of

Utrecht Cathedral

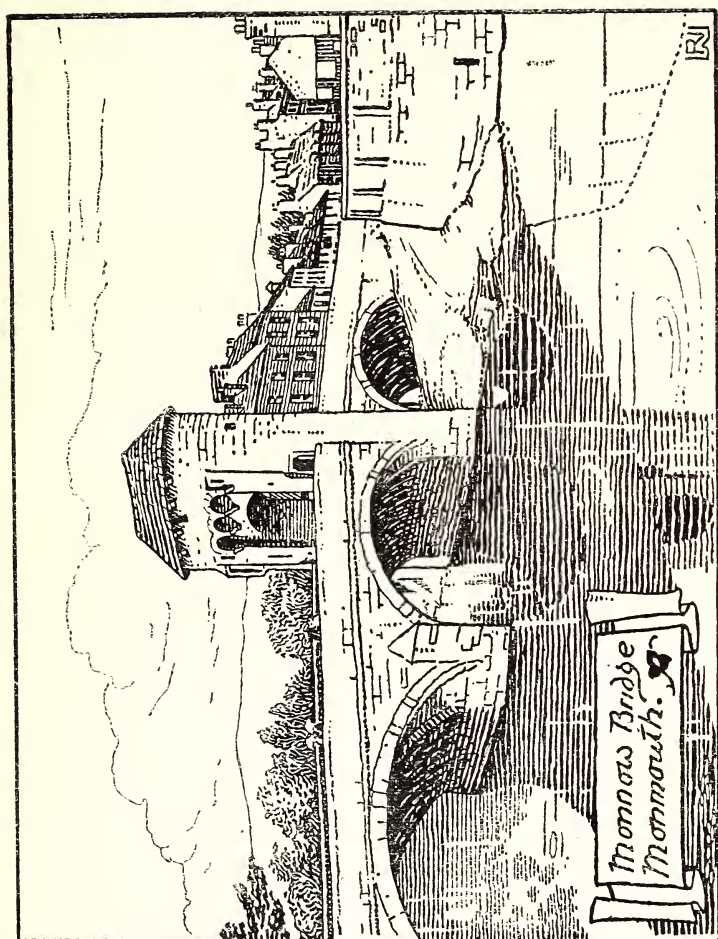
a tower that ought to lean against a nave that isn't there; let him do it on a stormy day, and wait till the rods begin to clank, and the forty-two bells, including old St. Salvator's eight tons of metal, get fairly to their work. Then let him descend, and dine too late or go to bed too soon; and let him confess like a man, next morning, whether the wind has not had boisterous fun with the bed all night to the malicious booming of the unsaintly St. Salvator.

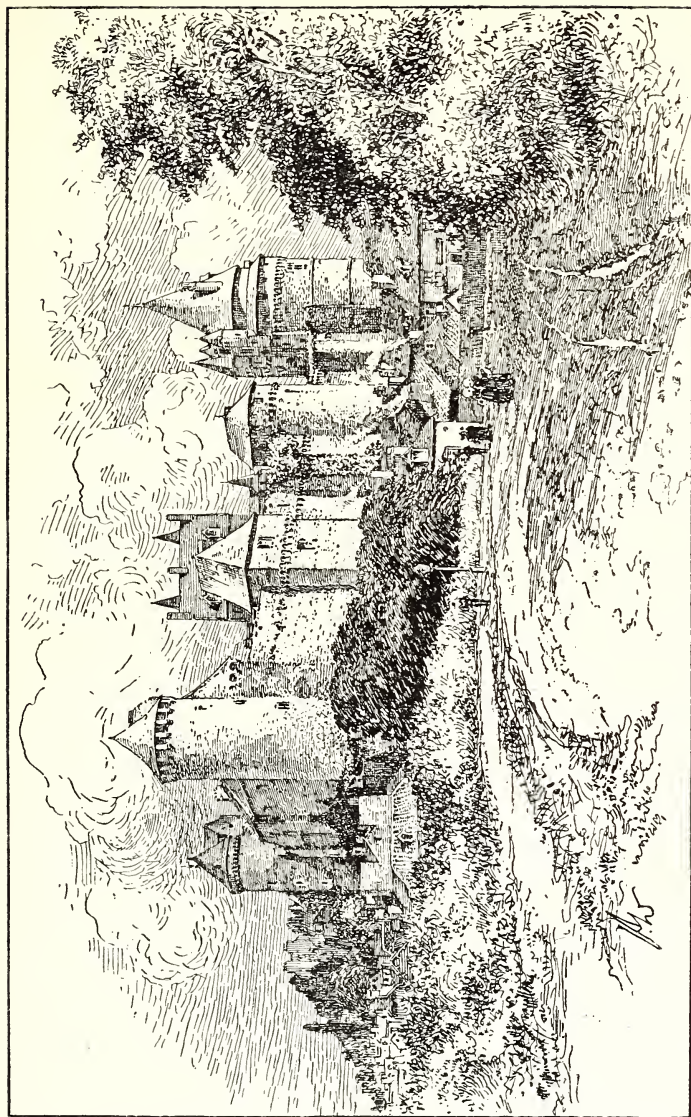
L. A. Corbeille.

Of Frozen Music

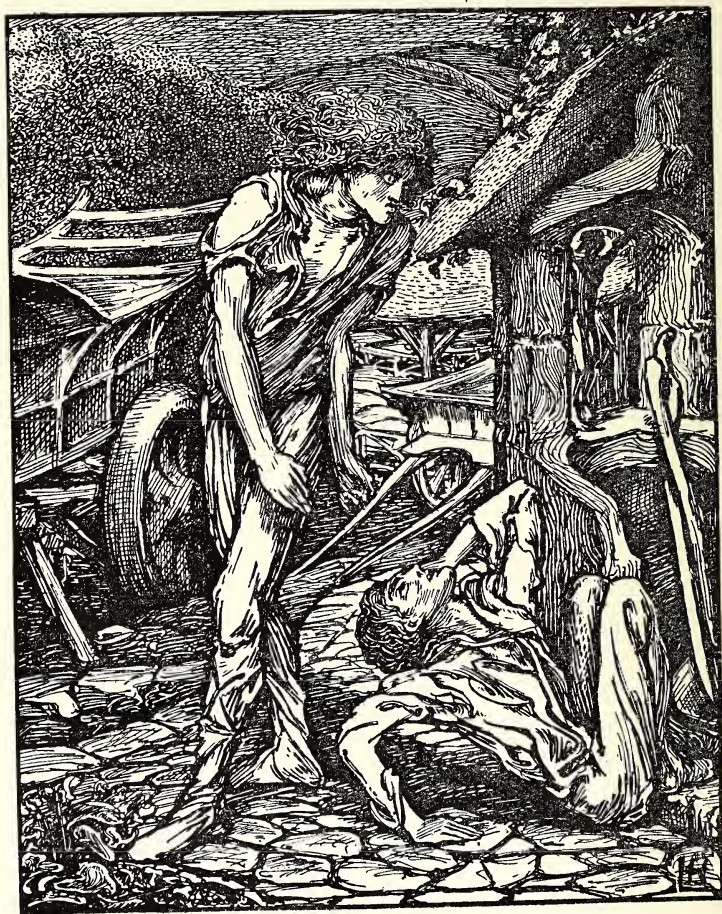
It is true that under these Northern skies of ours her stones are nearly always icy cold; but this poor one is the only reason for naming Architecture "Frozen Music." It were as good, or rather as barren, a saying, that Music is Architecture false to her vow of silence.

C. H. Enston.





Literature



The Troubling of the Waters

GOD, who had taken the light out of Eyloff's brain, had left him this: for all flesh, whether it moved on ground or had wings for air, the love of his slow wits and quick-beating heart.

In the dawn of his manhood, a cloud, the shadow of his own hand, had fallen on him. Very dimly he knew that then he had struck down in anger one weaker than himself; to-day, because of that, a cripple lay hunched in a corner of the home, ready to rail at his face whenever he came in, and spit at him the name of the man first guilty of a brother's blood.

The shadow of that never lifted; once it had been black as night, as death, and as solitude. Now, for his dimness of mind, men forgave him:—all but that one whose mocking laughter was to him the voice of Abel's blood,—a voice dear to him, bought at too heavy a price not to be prized.

Of all his loves he loved this one the most. The small mis-shapen brother, whose hate followed him to the door, and waited hungering for his return, was to the foolish greatness of his heart the sum-total of love. The

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cattle upon the farm, the sheep out on the hills, the small wild wood creatures that came at his call, all these went together to mean the little brother at home, with shrill cursing tongue, and weak hand ever up and ready to strike. And he had not wit enough to thank God each day on his knees, for making his wits so slow.

He went happy and loved through all the countryside; and happy and loving came back at night to bring his brother the spoils of his dull vagrancy.

By all who knew him the name of his former life was compassionately restored to him. "Eyloff," cried any, when it chanced on a meeting, "how is 'the little brother' to-day?" And Eyloff's face would lighten up to answer, "The blessed one was alive when I left home!"

It was life, not health; the dull wits understood so much, and their own share in that sorrow. Cain! The word was dinned into him; accepted on his part with a grave sort of proprietorship. It was seldom with any use of the individual word "I" that he gave report of his day's faring, when he came in fagged like a beast, his hands full of foolish litter that might perchance serve to give his cripple tyrant a few moments of contemptuous diversion.

So, one day it might be thus on his return: "Little brother, these are hawk's eggs that Cain has brought you,—one for each eye."

"But how many were in the nest?" asked the cripple. "Did you not bring all?"

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"There were more; he could not count;—one for each finger. Cain left those others: the mother-bird wanted them."

"Come, fool, let me get at you to strike you! There! that is for each one you did not bring. To-morrow go and fetch me the rest."

A soft slyness crept into the idiot's face.

"The little brother does not think. It is far, and one has not enough mind to remember the tree: before he finds it again the little birds will be fledged and flown."

"No, not flown!" said the cripple. "Wait till the eggs hatch, and bring me the young ones!" His face grew sharp and eager, and his thin hand went out like a claw.

But Eyloff's brain was a sieve: what he did not first bring was never remembered after. Sometimes, maybe, the idiot would have a dull consciousness of commands ignored, and would bring thin wands of osier, or hazel twigs, to his master's hand, and laugh to take chastisement. The hand that struck was pitifully weak, heavy on an arm that could barely lift it; but it could pinch,—Cain had found out that.

There was much in the cripple's spite that Cain could not find out the use or the meaning of: the shrill tongue went beyond the reach of the other's closed brain; there was a wall somewhere; and he kept coming to it. Eyloff knew that at some place his life had been cut in two: the other was always trying to teach it him, but the hearing sense failed. After a few words Eyloff's mind was off the track: he would sit wistfully groping,

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trying to follow the sense of the sounds in the strain of time. Then he would smile and say, "Cain forgets!" And the other would laugh, and bludgeon him with insults on his stupidity.

Sometimes Eyloff had a sense that at one corner of things memory still lay thinly covered. It came seldom when he was at home; but out in the fields when his bare feet felt the grass under them; or when he went and lay at noon under the tree-shadows with the herds; or more still if at night he watched the wild things creeping out of their lairs, and most once at a sheep-washing;—a sense came to him of a time long ago, a night of moonlit waters; and of himself, lifted out of a great darkness, standing naked, waist-deep amid fellow-beasts that waded and bathed; and then of tears that rained out of his eyes, washing his mind clear for the feeble twilight memory that thereafter struggled and grew.

Never could he quite fathom it; only he knew that from him no beast, wild, or kind to the ways of man, ever took fright, but came friendly to his foolish companionable summons for caress. A strange love for beasts in their maternity swayed him; shepherds, sleeping out in wooden huts on the downs at the lambing season, found him a surer guide than the best sheep-dog of all the farms. Too feeble in wits to be more laboriously employed, it was Eyloff's chief pride to be called out on a dark, blowy night, and sent scouting across the fens for the scattered ewes, with his ears open to the faint cry of the new-born lambs.

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But for all that was known of him, a rumour passed that more remained unknown of his power over the lower kinds of life, with which, said some, his lower intellect secured him fellowship: either that, or wizarding was at work. A ploughman told how, at uphill work, his yoke of oxen had pulled to a standstill in a slush of miry clay-ground; and how Eyloff, coming by, had gone between, put his arms over their forequarters, and with gentle croakings cheered the beasts into motion and accomplished the ascent.

Then it was told of him that, for a hunt, though none knew the woods as he did, he was never to be found to give help. Over his knowledge of those wilds looks exchanged a memory of what kindness made few now wish to say: they were content now to call him God's fool, and let him be. Only under the roof of his own home the cry greeted him, "Cain! Cain!"

"Cain, why have you been so long?" was the fretful cry from the hearth that greeted him one day on his return. His hands, and all the pouches and loose corners of his shredding raiment were full of a protruding litter of woodland spoils; the carrying of fruit had stained his scratched hands red. He laughed as he laid down the offering: he had yet more to show and tell.

"Bloody hands!" jeered the cripple. "Keep them off me: they have touched me too often! What Cain's work have you been at to-day?"

"Cain has found you the gums that you were asking for, little brother," said the gentle idiot; and placed

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them for show. "Then, here are red berries: they will keep bright through the winter on a string. And look," he said, "here is a little dead weasel; it has warm fur."

The cripple caught it up, and threw it in his brother's face. "What do I want with it dead?" he cried passionately. "Let me see something alive! Here I lie in a coffin all day, a dead log because of you! Oh, curse you! if I could kill you; you are the one thing I would most like to see dead in all the world!"

The fool laughed, and crouched by the side of the old wizened child. "Little brother, Cain has something he will tell you; he has been far to-day, where nobody else goes, because the thickets scratch like cats as you go through them. In there, there is a mother-fox, with five little cubs: they are good to play with."

"You stink of them!" said the cripple, pushing away the face that in its eagerness had come too close.

"Ah, ah," cried Eyloff softly, "they are so young, they cannot bite yet; but they try! They come and take hold by the ears; while the mother rolls and laughs and looks on. They make noises; they bark and squeal; but they are more like kittens than puppies. Ah, ah! and the old mother is so proud!"

The cripple pulled himself half up to listen. "Ah, fool! what is the use of telling me all this? Let me see them; bring them to me:—then I shall laugh! But to hear and not to see, makes me cry, only because I cannot go!"

"Come, then," said Eyloff. "Cain shall carry you!"

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"And be torn and scratched all the way?" jeered the other. "Cain would be glad to see me bleed again! No: go and bring them for me to see:—then I shall laugh!"

"He shall bring you one," said Eyloff, "if the mother-fox will let him. It will not be for long." He jumped up, and ran out laughing, glad to have hit on a thing that would give real pleasure to the dear idol of his brain.

All the way he ran, till he heard in the cover the shrill noise of the fox-cubs tussling together at their play. The vixen lay waiting confidently, as the big gentle creature she did not fear came close.

He knelt down, and picked up one of the cubs, and laid it within his shirt, looking inquiry at the mother all the while, to know if she would let him have it without fear. She watched his eyes with a slow intentness of regard; Eyloff gave back the faith of her look. "I will bring it back," he said; "I will not harm it."

The vixen got up and came close, to snuff under his shirt, where the little one lay: the fool put one hand on her head and the other under it, and so holding her looked her well in the eyes. "Let her have no fear!" said he. "He loves it; he will not harm it; let him take it for a little while!"

Her placid eyes took no shadow of doubt from his: she snuggled her head once more into his shirt, and licked the cub lying curled there. Eyloff felt her tongue move also across his breast with warm rough touch; and

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by that sign knew that she trusted him. She went back and lay down by the four little cubs left at play; and Eyloff, carrying his one cub, turned and made off through the thickets in the direction of home.

All the way, as he ran, the little one played, biting gently on to the hand that held it: it had not missed its play-fellows when he brought it warm and full of frolic to where his brother lay waiting for him. The cripple laughed, and reached out his hands for it. "You have been slow!" he grumbled.

Eyloff watched while the young cub transferred its game to his brother's thin fingers: saw the little brother's face too, pleased and glad to have under it that sight of harmless wild-wood life. Over and over he turned it, tempting it to play.

Suddenly Eyloff uttered a cry: snatched it out of his hands, and ran: ran hard to get back with it to its home in the safe thickets of the wood. And, as he raced, he looked and saw that the little thing still lived: felt,—and hoped,—and knew by its warmth that so much was true;—that it lived, just lived; and that with speed he might yet restore it alive.

Then, while he was stumbling a headlong course through the brushwood, the mother-fox came running. With a bark of joy she leapt up on him, fawning to have touch of her young.

Suddenly her note changed pitifully: loud and wild her cry of fear for her own challenged him to let go the burden he withheld. Blinded with tears,

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he obeyed her, and set it down:—and saw that it still lived.

The dumb beast, searching it over with a tender, nursing touch, cried and licked without ceasing; while Eyloff watching, wondered why the old darkness did not again descend, and cover this dim twilight of his brain, deepened now into a colour of blood. She took no heed of him, showing neither fear nor hate at his presence; only she licked, and cried over her cub as she made a separate and safe place in her nest for its hurt life.

Not that night did Eyloff's home see him again; and when at last he came, for the first time he was dumb to the railing greeting cast at him; and, without smile or word, went and sat down by his brother, waiting pitifully to be taught *sense*; while still over his head thick darkness wavered and stayed.

Every day he went back to the wood; and there found the vixen and her one cub lying together, and hard by, the four other cubs at play. Of her charity the mother let him look into the nest, and assure himself that it still lived, just lived. In his abasement he had no thought to touch it,—to know more than his eye told. And still the darkness hung over his brain, but did not descend.

One day as he came he heard a quick bark of welcome, and saw the vixen running to meet him; and behind her, by the nest, were five fox-cubs that played. She went, and picking out one, brought it and laid it in

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his hands with soft yelps of delight; and the little one turned, cuddling, and nibbled his fingers and played.

Then once more sight came into Eyloff's brain of moonlit waters, of himself waist-deep, with beasts wading and looking on; out of his eyes a river of tears washing madness from his brain; and a voice—was it his own?—praying, "O God! O God! I that was once a man!"

The darkness that had threatened him was lifted away; doubt and vague memory only returned. He looked down at the thing so strangely alive in his hands: yesterday it had lived, just lived; to-day it was sound and well. He was roused from his dazed wonder to find that he was holding the little cub hard against his heart. Then he felt the vixen's tongue, warm and rough; and at that broke crying like a child, to the pity of the dumb beast.

That day he went home laden with spoil, and laughed with the old foolish love when his brother railed at him; for once more his slow mind had forgotten what went before. The loved tyranny of the old life resumed its sway; Eyloff went and came gladly at the other's bidding, and paid back his hatred with slow, large love.

One night—it was just a year from the day when he had come to find the little fox-cub whole and sound—he was sitting at home, trying, out of long words, to get sense. The imperious voice was still a-while, because among the elders was reading aloud of the Holy Word—

The Troubling of the Waters

for the most part a confused sound to Eyloff's slow brain; but now and then something arrested it. As in a dream he heard the words:

"He was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws."

There was a pause: one or two heads were turned to look at him. Then there was a laugh, and a shrill voice cried, "When are you going back, brother, to eat grass?"

Eyloff stood up. He heard a whisper of hushed reproof: his mother saying, "Do not try to remind him of what was!" Then, like something hardly remembered, once learned and forgotten, words came into the fool's mouth. "O God! O God!" he said. "I that was once a man!"

He opened the door, and went out into the night.

A moon, misty behind cloud, looked at him. With a dull wish to get away from the sound of men's voices, he stole away and pushed for the great open downs. He had got it into his waking senses at last, that cry belonging till now only to a brief moment of illumination upon which after-doubts had settled. Now it was part of his blood, part of his brain; his breath went and came, his heart knocked to it: "I, I that was once a man!"

His ear, keen to all natural sounds, caught hold of a soft disturbance in the night; under the hedges were things moving, more than the night generally shewed.

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Almost under his feet, he came upon a leveret, wounded, dragging itself slowly along through the undergrowth. He took it up tenderly to see how it ailed ; but it struggled and cried to get out of his hands. At that a small pain smote its way into him, for till now there had always been fellowship between him and the beasts ; it was their wont to recognise him at all times as one of themselves,—to come naturally to him, to feel his touch with confidence. Putting the leveret down, he watched it limping painfully on, heading for the open down.

Soon he saw that in all the hedge-shadows, and along the furrows of the ground, were things that moved, and halted, and moved again ; and they all went one way, towards the open solitudes and over the head of the down.

Under the moon in mist, like his own mind, the whole night moved with creation in pain ; all this life that he saw was sick, diseased, maimed, and wounded, a host of sufferers without a hospital ; and through the slow wonder of it something pressed at his memory to be put into form.

As he went on, before and behind, in patient motion, went a thousand-footed pain ; every four feet were the bearers of a living death, and all were making to one point, for the open and over the ridge.

He topped the ascent, and saw moonlight on a still country, all solitude ; no human dwelling to break the self-possession of the earth to the farthest the eye might

The Troubling of the Waters

scan. Away in a quiet hollow lay a gleam of still waters; and round them, as he came to nearer view, a great waiting company stood gathered. And all the while, from folds and ribs of the surrounding country, came others in long files, centring toward the one goal.

The moon grew a little clearer, something of the shadow was also lifting from Eyloff's brain; what form would the past take to itself out of the grey middle of this night?

Over the water came trouble; swept by a soft ruffling motion it silvered to the moon. From the centre a swift commotion began, as at the touch of some bird's feet alighting, thence it widened till from shore to shore it became a shape of wings, tremulously outspread, and hovering.

The pool's surface became dark with plunging life: a cry, a sound of thanksgiving yielded itself to the cool night air. And Eyloff's brain had memory laid sharply upon it.

Even so, once he too had been there, led by the beasts among whom his outcast life of gross darkness had been passed; and according to the measure of their sense of the miracle, healing had been wrought for him, healing for his blood, not for his brain; and yet healing enough to unloose his tongue and make the cry come out of him, "O God! O God! I that was once a man!"

The moon in mist, the twilight, the doubt remained; but his mind had taken hold of the vision of that night

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as he turned to go home. At his feet ran glad life, drawn fresh from the angelic troubling of those healing waters. He leaped and raced, feeling their joy in his blood. Only of himself the memory grew slow, and faded; all but this prayer, stinging its sense into his brain, "O God! O God! I that was once a man!"

Had any looked well into Eyloff's eyes, in faith of some glimmering of sense, they might have seen, after that, signs of a new query shaping itself, searching to find for itself an answer; a look of waiting had come to impress his face as he sat and watched his brother, and listened to the old railing words of hatred:—a painful fear lest, in its weakness, the mind should let slip from its feeble thread this one thing that it sought most to retain in memory.

For a year the brain clung fast to this, and did not let it go. So one day Eyloff came to his brother, and said, "To-night is the night of healing. Come, and I will carry you to see the animals go down into the water for the touch that shall make them well."

The other laughed, and cried, "What! has the fool got back wits enough to dream dreams?"

"This is no dream," said Eyloff; "I saw them! They bled, they were lame; they went in, and they came out well. One of them was the farmer's dog that went mad, and could not be found, and came back cured; all the world knows that." The fool went on: "Up there it is beautiful, when the full moon looks out: you shall see

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the wind stand still in the trees, but the water will begin to move. Then they go down."

His brother said, "If, after all, you are a wizard, as some say, then I shall know, and you shall be burned! Yes, I will go."

So, at a late hour, when others in the house slept, Eyloff lifted the cripple from his couch, and carried him out into the breathless stillness of the moon-struck night. A clear orb of light showed in a disembodied firmament.

The form in Eyloff's arms was very frail; it was more bone than flesh he held, thickly mantled and bound to keep out the cold. "Little brother," he said, "Cain loves you well to-night: see where they all go, the poor cripples, to be healed."

His brother turned to look, and saw surely, alongside, shadows moving and halting, going the same way as themselves. A cold fear began in him: Eyloff was mad, —some held that he was a wizard: what might he not do to the weakling, now in his sole charge, whose hatred had been poured out on him all these years? Superstitious fears claimed their victim: "I will not go!" he cried. "Take me back. If you are not a wizard, take me back, I say!"

Eyloff held him close: "Little brother, you shall go back when I have done with you. Then I will let you go." He began to run: his brother struggled feebly, a prey to extreme terror.

"Oh, fool, fool!" he cried to himself, "why did I let

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him bring me to this? My God, he is going to kill me! Cain, Cain, Cain!" he shrieked in agony, "I love you; let me go!"

The idiot heard with a dull, sweet sense of pleasure. "Little brother will love me, I know. Soon he shall not call me Cain any more; it shall be Eyloff then."

"Eyloff! I love you, Eyloff!" came the pitiful whimper of fear, all the way over the down. But the other seemed scarcely to hear it.

He crested the ridge, and saw below the quiet water, and all the tribes of fur waiting by the margin. At the sound of a human tread a skurry of panic took them: but when they saw only Eyloff carrying his burden they returned to their watch by the brink. Eyloff came down and stood in their midst.

The cripple gazed round in terror to see wild and tame herded together by some power invisible and unknown. "Eyloff," he whined, "have pity on me! Let me go!"

A sound smote upon the water, and over it a deep troubling movement began, and spread: till from shore to shore rested a form of outstretched wings. Eyloff and all the beasts stepped down together.

Suddenly the cripple felt a horror of cold strike through him: water had him by the waist, the breast, the throat! "Cain!" he cried, and, struggling desperately, struck with all his force.

Eyloff felt the blow. It was no weakling's push; it came hard and strong. He stumbled and fell, plunging deep.

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"O God! O God! I that was once a man!"

How clear a light spoke down to him out of the moon when he rose up to the surface once more, and knew himself a sound man; and saw by his side a small lithe body shaken with passion, that struck at him again and again, fiercely, wildly, and did not stay.

"Cain, Cain, Cain!"

His brother broke away from his hands; wading and stumbling, he gained the dry margin of the pool, and ran.

"You are a wizard!" he cried. "Now I have had sight of your devil's magic, see if you be not burnt!"

But Eyloff cared little for words then, as in deep thankfulness he knelt down by the healing waters, and thanked God who had loosed from him his brother's reproach.

In the first days that followed a strange tale grew in people's ears. Eyloff found himself under a ban; neighbours who had pitied him mad, passed him now with crooked thumbs, avoiding him or maintaining a respectful distance. This was said: The madness that had made him for years harmless had gone,—indeed, the fact was apparent to all:—and with the return of health had come the murderous instinct, so that only by a miracle had his brother escaped the devil's plot made against his life. It was a clumsy story, but it served; and the restored cripple had miracle to help him in making others believe what his own hatred and fear made to him seem truth.

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Eyloff listened, dumfounded and amazed, to accusation in which his brother's voice led all the rest. Justify himself he could not; nothing could he tell, and get believed, of knowledge that had crept into him in days when twilight was upon his brain. For all that—for his fellowship and understanding with the beasts—"wizard" was the word.

But the thing that struck deepest, that seemed almost to smite the love of God out of his heart, was his brother's hatred of himself; and one thing else:—a growing sense, from which he shrank, trying not to see: "O God! O God! *this* that I made into a man!"

His ear became a-start for sounds that made him run,—at first to deny himself the possibility of belief that the darling recovery of life should take on a form so black; and then from that to certainty, and so, instead of flight, a rush to succour.

Now had come back to him in full horror the memory of the day when his twilight became coloured with blood, and darkness hung ready to fall: the day when he ran back to the wood carrying the little fox-cub:—and how it still lived, just lived. And now more and more this grew to be the burden of his days: "O God! O God! this that I made into a man!"

Once beyond control, his hand went up for a blow, and stayed as the jeer, "Strike, Cain!" came home to his heart.

"God forbid!" he said. "I pray that before that can be, you or I may have found mercy of God!"

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Mercy of God! It became his prayer, that his brother whom he had let loose on the world might die without his aid. And yet love that he could not undo, of pity, of compassion, of allowance, because of a caged youth that had so grown warped, wove itself with his heart and would not let him go.

His first year of restored health seemed to him an age in purgatory. A day drew near that knocked at his heart with accumulations of tenderness: the day when the maimed beasts went to be healed. Ah, Christ! there would be many maimed to go this year and get help.

"Surely," he thought, "if I bid him come with me, and see the heavenly deed, and remember his own healing, some ruth and sorrow will come even into his heart!"

So, on the day, he said, "To-night, brother, is the night of our salvation. Come with me, and see how God will raise up and comfort those weak ones whom you and I have wronged!"

His brother laughed: "You feign madness well. Do you seek to kill me there again?"

"Not so!" cried Eyloff. "This is God's truth; to-night, for one night at least, the world that suffers much because of you, will suffer less. Come and see, that you may learn mercy!"

But the other only cried "Wizard!" and broke from him with an oath.

So, in deep contrition, Eyloff rose up that night, to go alone and beg forgiveness for the scourge he had let loose on his foster-kin. As he stole out from the sleep

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of others, he was moved to see if his brother would not at the last hour come and gain grace at sight of the angelic healing.

An empty room ! His heart stopped to see that the bed had not been lain in. Quickly he made his way into the quiet night.

Down from over the hill came a sound : the wind drew in its breath, and let it go in a cry. It seemed to Eyloff the voice of Earth in travail for her kind.

Fear caught up his feet, and he ran. Under the loving-kindness of this night of stars, through which even now the Angel might seem to be descending to touch one spot of earth with the divine gift of healing ; —under that there was another at work.

His heart froze, for he passed things too feeble to move, and their heads were all toward that place where healing should come. That way, that way, with all speed he followed. “ God, God ! this that I made into a man ! ”

He came to a place of cries. There was no need for him to run any more ; there, what he sought, he found.

“ O God,” he cried, “ take back the gifts ! ” And with his full strength he struck, and did not stay his hand.

A moan fetched pity from the far back of his heart, and looking he saw mercy restored again to earth : then over his brain dim twilight and darkness came hovering.

Very tenderly he stooped, and lifted a small twisted cripple in his arms, and all the way carried him with

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witless words of love. And the other gazed up at him with a conscious face, and did not rail or cry.

So at the door of their home he laid one whom he seemed barely to know: for the lips had in them no bitterness, and the eyes no hatred. Then, when he had loosed his burden, on himself fell the great darkness, and blotted him once more and for ever from the ways of men.

After that night there lived two brothers, not released by death for many a year: one a cripple, who lay still and made no claim; and the other a wanderer in wild places untrodden by men, most loved of all the beasts.

Laurence Housman.

The Desire of Man and of Woman

I n the old Irish story of Usheen's journey to the Islands of the Young, Usheen sees amid the waters a hound with one red ear, following a deer with no horns ; and other persons in other old Celtic stories see the like images of the desire of the man, and of the desire of the woman " which is for the desire of the man," and of all desires that are as these. The man with the wand of hazel may well have been Angus, Master of Love ; and the boar without bristles is the ancient Celtic image of the darkness which will at last destroy the world, as it destroys the sun at nightfall in the west.

Do you not hear me calling, white deer with no horns ?
I have been changed to a hound with one red ear ;
I have been in the Path of Stones and the Wood of
Thorns ;
And I have hatred and hope and desire and fear
Under my feet, that I follow you, night and day.
A man with a wand of hazel came without sound ;
He changed me suddenly ; I was looking another way ;
And now my calling is but the calling of a hound ;

The Desire of Man and of Woman

And Time and Birth and Change are hurrying by.

I would that the Boar without Bristles had come from
the west,

And rooted the sun and moon and stars out of the sky,

And lay in the darkness, grunting, and turning to his
rest.

W. B. Yeats.

SLIGO, *June* 1897.

Striding Edge

A ledge, inhospitable gulfs dividing,
Rough-wrought of clumsy Time's rude mall
and saw,
With many a twisted fang and upthrust
claw

Its fearful guest's presumptuous steps deriding.
To right, far down, a still tarn crouches hiding,
Where fogs oft sulk and ghostly vapours raw,
And hungry frosts the bony boulders gnaw;
But now across its calm one white gull gliding—
Clear-imaged in the blue, mysterious deep—

A fellow in his own reflection finds.
From this lean edge is seen Helvellyn's steep,
Save when a mist his lordly forehead binds;
While to the left swing out with awful sweep
Enormous hollows, graves of worn-out winds.

Louis Barsac.

Cousin Frederick

A Conventional Comedy

Scene:—*A cheerful room at Rhododendron Cottage, Durlingham. The larger pieces of furniture are heavy and old-fashioned; but vases of flowers are everywhere. Miss Isabel Dreystone, a pleasant, middle-aged lady, sits in an easy-chair near the window. Jane, the maid, stands near the door. The clock strikes four.*

MISS ISABEL:—And you are sure the beds are well aired, Jane?

JANE:—Yes, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—And the jonquils?

JANE:—I've put 'em on the little table, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—And William has rolled the lawn, and found all the tennis things?

JANE:—Yes, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—And you're quite sure the beds are really well aired?

JANE:—I'm positive, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—I am so glad. I've a perfect horror

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of putting anyone into a damp bed. And cook understands about the lobster salad?

JANE:—She's expecting Mr. Gudgeon's boy every minute, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—Very well, Jane. That will do.

JANE:—Thank you, ma'am. (*She goes out, closing the door.*)

MISS ISABEL (*calling after her*):—Oh, Jane! (*Jane does not hear. Miss Isabel scrambles out of her chair, scattering reels of silk, scissors, etc., from her lap, and opens the door.*) Jane! Ja-a-ne! (*Jane returns.*)

MISS ISABEL:—You are really quite positively certain, Jane, that all three beds are really thoroughly aired?

JANE (*bad-temperedly*):—Yes, ma'am. Please, you asked me before, ma'am, and I said they was.

MISS ISABEL (*unruffled*):—*Were*. You mean they *were*, Jane?

JANE (*spitefully*):—No. I mean they *are*, ma'am, beggin' your pardon.

MISS ISABEL (*pleasantly, as Jane sulkily collects the reels and scissors*):—That's right. I've always vowed no one should ever lie in a damp bed in Rhododendron Cottage. If her darling girls caught cold, my sister Miriam would never forgive me.

JANE (*with unobserved sarcasm*):—You're very considerit, ma'am. (*She goes out, and bangs the door as loudly as she dares.*)

MISS ISABEL (*settling into her chair again*):—Con-

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siderate! What else could I be to my only sister's darling girls? Poor dears! I do hope they will not be unhappy here. It seems a shame to drag them away from town just now, but with Frederick coming to-night, what could I do? It would have been a dull week for him, poor boy, with no company but an old woman like me. It is good of Miriam to spare the girls. It's quite a load off my mind. (*The bell rings loudly.*) Why, here they are! (*She jumps up, again scattering the reels, and goes to the door. It bursts open, and Madge and Lily, in hats and wraps, rush in and kiss her.*)

MADGE:—Good old auntie!

LILY:—Dear Aunt Isabel!

MISS ISABEL:—Dear Lily—darling Madge! (*Kisses them.*) I am *so* glad to see you, my dears.

MADGE:—Same to you, auntie.

LILY:—Yes, dear Aunt Isabel, it is delightful to see you again.

MISS ISABEL:—It was so good of you to come.

LILY (*sweetly*):—No, Aunt Isabel. It is good of *you* to ask us.

MISS ISABEL:—Nonsense, nonsense, Lily. What pleasure can it be to stay with a dull old woman like your auntie? Though, of course, to-night your cousin Frederick—

MADGE:—Oh, bother our cousin Frederick!

LILY (*with dignity*):—Of course, Aunt Isabel, we shall do our best to entertain Cousin Frederick if he

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needs it, and if you wish us to do so ; but it should go without saying that it is you we have come to see.

MISS ISABEL (*flurried*):—Of course, Lily—of course you have, dear. But still Cousin Frederick is very—

MADGE:—Oh, bother Cousin Frederick, auntie ! We've never even seen him, and we don't—

LILY (*repressing her gently*):—We don't know him, Aunt Isabel. We want to hear about yourself. Mother sends her dearest love, and hopes your headaches are not so troublesome. And we're to *make* you go back to town with us. You are taking root here in Durlingham.

MISS ISABEL:—Nonsense, nonsense, child. But come, girls, get your things off, and I'll show you your rooms. (*She leads the way.*) You must be famished. (*They pass through the door. Madge and Lily answer outside.*)

MADGE:—Not a bit ! We'd quite a jolly lunch at St. Pancras.

LILY:—No, auntie dear, we really couldn't eat— (*The door falls to and drowns the rest. Enter Jane. She prepares a small table for afternoon tea.*)

JANE (*mimicking her mistress*):—Har you quite shore the beds his well haired, Jane ? (*She drops a curtsey, and adds with grovelling deference*):—Yes, ma'am ! (*She goes out, and returns with a tray, cups, cake, etc. Seeing the scissors, etc., again on the floor, she stamps her foot, and gathers them into her apron ; then sits in Miss Isabel's chair, puts on Miss Isabel's spectacles, and mimics her again.*) Har you quite, reely, positively,

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serting shore that there's no mistake that the beds his quite, reely, positively, serting shorely well haired, Jane? I've a perfick 'orror of damp beds— (*The door opens. She flies in terror, spectacles and all. Enter Lily, in romantic white and pale blue. She sinks sentimentally into a chair.*)

LILY:—Cousin—Frederick! (*Sighs.*) Four o'clock—five o'clock—six o'clock. (*Sighs again, with her head on her hand. Madge enters, in a tailor-made dress with a shirt front and cravat.*)

MADGE:—Hurrah! My den looks across the little field to the trout stream. I'm certain Freddy will be a fisherman.

LILY (*sighing once more*):—My little chamber has a balcony—like Juliet's. I feel sure Cousin Frederick loves the poets.

MADGE:—Poets are off! You don't think men moon after that sort of stuff nowadays? Freddy will have more sense. I'll slip into Durlingham before dinner and get a rod and some flies.

LILY (*with gentle resignation*):—No doubt you're right, Madge. But I'm glad I brought my Mrs. Browning all the same. It will beguile my mornings while you and Frederick are fishing.

MADGE:—Retire from the martyr business, Lily, *please*. I don't know what Freddy'll be like any more than you. Perhaps he's his pappa's own boy, after all; and if he hooks a trout, who knows he won't cry over taking it from its family? Most likely you've done

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well to bring the poetry-books for his sake as well. But I'll get that tackle all the same. It'll be something to do while you and your cousin Frederick are getting silly over your everlasting Mrs. Browning.

LILY (*with dignity*):—You are right in calling her “everlasting.” Mr. Swinburne—

MADGE:—Mister who?

LILY:—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

MADGE:—Of course. Comes in some novel, doesn't he? But he's nothing to do with your cousin Frederick. Did auntie say anything about him while you were upstairs?

LILY:—How could she? You assured her we didn't want to hear about him.

MADGE:—O-o-o-oh! It was *you*!

LILY:—You told her we'd never seen him, and didn't want to.

MADGE:—Who told a big fib then? Who said she cared more about her aunt's headaches? Who said—

LILY (*still dignified*):—I said that to stop you saying something very rude, Madge.

MADGE (*affecting gratitude*):—Thanks, ever so much! I always look up to my youngers. And what was it, pray?

LILY:—You said we'd never seen him, and I just stopped you saying we didn't want to.

MADGE:—Well? I don't.

LILY (*more softly, looking down*):—I do.

MADGE:—Oh, if we're to be such good, truthful little

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things! Of course I want to see Frederick. We both do. But we can't have auntie thinking we're dancing after him. She'd let it out; she's just that sort; and then there'd be no living with him. He's to understand that we've done him a great honour by coming to Rhododendron Cottage while he's here. Men want keeping in their proper place.

LILY :—To hear such sentiments from your lips, dear Madge, is indeed a pleasure. I, too, believe that a maidenly reserve not only increases our respect for ourselves, but the respect of men for our sex as well.

MADGE :—Oh, hang all that, Lil,—maidenliness and our sex! as if we were our own grandmamas. I mean something else. It's only a slow-coach that looks at your die-away, blushing, chicken-picking misses now. A man with any go likes a girl with a bit of spirit and independence, and that's what this Frederick fellow's going to get from me. I'm not going to have his patronising us, as if we've come here on purpose to fall in love with him.

LILY :—Your notions about men and their likes and dislikes are unhappily shared by too many women to-day, Madge, to their great loss. For myself, I cherish another faith. Fops and rakes may prefer such women as you describe, but a true man still reserves his homage for a true woman—a womanly woman—a maidenly maiden. And I am not without hope that Cousin Frederick will take this view.

MADGE (*clapping her hands*):—Hear, hear! Now, that's what I call quite charming candour!

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LILY (*coldly*):—What?

MADGE:—Why, you hope Frederick will be bowled over by your style of doing it.

LILY:—I am positive the phrase “bowled over”—

MADGE:—Hang the phrases! That’s what you meant.

LILY:—From a lady’s lips the word “hang” can scarcely—

MADGE:—Now, Lily, you silly, what’s the use of getting on your high horse? Let’s tell the truth and shame the devil. Now, haven’t we seen through each other all along? Aunt Isabel writes to mamma, Cousin Frederick is coming. Will we come too? Young company and tennis, and all that. Yes, we will. And here we are. No one in our family has seen Frederick since he was a child. We only know he’s been educated in Germany, and that he’s been travelling all over creation, and landed somewhere or other last Monday from Japan, and that he’s twenty-three, and has four thousand a year. That’s all we know. Whether he’s a duffer or a genius, a wit or a bore, a beauty or a beast, light or dark, short or tall, fat or thin, sentimental or sensible—

LILY:—Sentimental or prosaic.

MADGE:—Sentimental or sensible, we’ve no idea. We know a little, and hope a lot.

LILY:—Yes, indeed we do. We hope he reproduces the excellences of his dead father, mother’s poor brother Charles. We hope he shuns his own mother’s mad

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pranks and follies that broke poor uncle's heart. (*Clasping her hands.*) We hope he is noble, wise, chivalrous, generous, true—

MADGE:—And that he'll propose to one of us.

LILY:—Madge!

MADGE (*imitating*):—Lily!

LILY:—How can you?

MADGE:—Oh, quite easily, thanks. I just open my mouth and say what we're both thinking.

LILY:—Of all the fruits of civilisation a seemly reticence with regard to the affections—

MADGE:—Do please put the cork in. Philosophy's generally nonsense, and always bad taste. Now, look here, Lil; business is business. Let's know where we are. If this cousin of ours is at all endurable, four thousand a year is not to be sneezed at. It would be a shame to let that money go out of the family. Why, what's Aunt Isabel asked us for? What's mother let us come for? Now, it's plainly impossible he should propose to both of us.

LILY:—Pardon me. Not at all. If one of us should reject his proffered hand—

MADGE:—I say it's impossible. If he's at all tolerable, the first of us that gets a chance will jump at it.

LILY:—"Jump"! Madge, how dreadful!

MADGE:—Isn't it? But it's more than dreadful.

LILY:—What's that?

MADGE:—It's true. Now—oh, stop interrupting,

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Lil. I'll take the maidenliness for granted. Who's to be Frederick's wife, and whose to be his sister-in-law? There you have it in a nutshell. Now, you're great at poetry, and moonlight, and clinging draperies, and dreaming over Chopin's nocturnes, and wan white roses, and all that sort of thing. That's your trump card. Play it, and if it takes the trick, Madge will wish you joy and put up with a bridesmaid's bracelet. But if Frederick's what he ought to be—I beg your pardon—if he's not quite that colour, then I come in; and if I've a few throws with him in the Squire's trout stream—I'll catch something. So far it's a fair start. My den looks out on the trout stream, and your window—I mean casement—opens into a balcony.

LILY (*romantically*):—Yes. And there will be a moon—a silver crescent moon. (*Sighs.*)

MADGE:—Yes. A moon. Perhaps several. And that stream's more full of fish than water. The Squire never looks at it, and he never has company. The trout are as fat as pigs, and as innocent as babies.

LILY:—Poor little things! But I suppose I should be glad. They will furnish sport for you and Frederick. (*Sighs deeply.*) Somehow I feel sure he'll be an athlete and a fisherman, and all that. I congratulate you, Madge love, heartily.

MADGE:—Congratulate yourself, Lily, my own pet. I feel certain he won't know a black gnat from a cock-a-bondy. You'll get him, Lil. Somehow I feel sure he'll be a muff.

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LILY (*springing up*):—You're a nasty, spiteful girl, Madge!

MADGE:—Oh—please—I'm frightened!

LILY:—You're a horrid, spiteful thing!

MADGE:—Oh—please—let me off and I'll never do it again. I forget what it was, but I'm frightfully ashamed of myself.

LILY:—You said you were sure I'd get Frederick, because he'd be a muff.

MADGE:—Then I'll take it back.

LILY:—Of course you will. It was hateful.

MADGE (*humbly*):—Please, Lily. I'm *not* sure you'll get Frederick. Now, will you forgive me?

LILY:—That isn't all. You said he'd be a muff.

MADGE:—Please, I don't think he'll be a muff. Now, won't you forgive me?

LILY (*mollified*):—What do you think he'll be, then?—a poet—a painter—a musician—

MADGE (*dropping her affectation of penitence*):—No, a fisherman! (*She bursts out laughing, makes a throw with an imaginary rod, and begins winding in the line.*)

LILY (*very angry*):—You're a nasty, mean, spiteful mean thing! (*Enter Aunt Isabel. The two girls encircle one another affectionately.*)

AUNT ISABEL:—I'm ashamed of myself. You'd think I'd quite forgotten you.

LILY:—Oh no, aunt! Besides, Madge and I are such friends, we're never dull. Are we, Madge?

MADGE:—We weren't just now, at any rate.

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AUNT ISABEL:—You're inseparable, I know. Some sisters are so different. But you're your dear mother and I over again. We were never happy apart, and we never quarrelled in our lives.

LILY:—How beautiful! (*Madge makes a grimace at her.*)

AUNT ISABEL:—Poor Charles was the same—I mean Frederick's father. A gentler boy never breathed. Poor Charles! His spirit was too fine for a world like this. No wonder his heart was broken. (*She pours out tea, and hands it to the girls.*)

LILY (*softly and pensively*):—Poor Uncle Charles! Mother has never told us much about him—except an unfortunate marriage.

AUNT ISABEL:—Unfortunate it was, indeed, Lily love.

MADGE (*stirring her tea*):—Tell us about it.

AUNT ISABEL (*sighing*):—It's soon told, dear. No one was exactly to blame, I suppose, but two lives were ruined all the same. Charles was romantic. While others were shouting in the cricket field, Charles would lie under a tree, deep in a favourite poet. People ridicule the word, I know, but he was sentimental. I keep an Album of Confessions still, in which he wrote that his favourite recreation was "to hear melancholy music in the mellow moonlight." We thought it so beautiful. When only twelve, too, he wrote an "Ode to Autumn."

LILY (*moved*):—Poor Uncle Charles!

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MADGE (*in an undertone*):—Poor old Autumn!

AUNT ISABEL:—But about his marriage. A girl named Clara Comberwood came to stay with the Vinces, five miles from us. She was three years older than Charles—splendid figure and colour, and full of dash and spirit. We all put her down at once for Frank Pulney, Mr. Vince's nephew. She and he were a match whatever it was—hunting, shooting, fishing, everything. You never saw her with a book or a work-basket, of course; but still she was a bright, sensible girl,—the Vicar used to say that to hear her laugh was as good as a walk on the seashore.

MADGE:—Our Aunt Clara must have been a splendid woman.

AUNT ISABEL:—Ah, Madge, my darling, but not the bride for poor Charles!

LILY (*shyly*):—No, not the bride for poor Uncle Charles.

MADGE:—You mean Uncle Charles was not the bridegroom for Aunt Clara.

LILY (*gently chiding*):—Madge, dearie, let Aunt Isabel finish her story.

AUNT ISABEL:—It is soon finished, pet. To everybody's amazement he fell in love with her, and, what astonished us more, Clara did the same. They were devoted to one another. Ethel Vince and Clara's sister Jenny—Lady Roxie she is now—were bridesmaids. I remember it as if it were only yesterday. Yet, dear me! it's six-and-twenty years ago. But time does fly so.

The Dome

MADGE:—And Aunt Clara?

LILY:—And Uncle Charles?

AUNT ISABEL:—Oh! They were as happy as two birds in a nest. Charles stuck to his books and his writing, and Clara was as proud of her horses and dogs as she could be. All went well till the year after Frederick was born. We must not judge the dead; but she should have stayed at home then. My dear father at first blamed Charles for not using his authority—

MADGE:—His what, aunt?

AUNT ISABEL:—His authority, my love. Dear me! I know I don't speak as plainly as I used to do. But, to get the story told, one day she was brought home a cripple from the hunting field. The shock killed Charles. (*She wipes her eyes. Lily springs to her side and comforts her.*)

MADGE:—And poor Aunt Clara?

AUNT ISABEL:—She lived seven years a helpless invalid. Jenny Comberwood—that's Lady Roxie, you know—took little Frederick. He was educated at Heidelberg, and none of his relatives on our side have seen him these twenty years.

LILY:—Is Cousin Frederick like Uncle Charles or Aunt Clara, Aunt Isabel?

MADGE:—Yes. Is he like Aunt Clara or Uncle Charles?

AUNT ISABEL:—Your grandfather swore he was the image of Charles.

LILY:—Ah! (*She nods triumphantly at Madge.*)

Cousin Frederick

AUNT ISABEL:—But old Mrs. Comberwood vowed he was his mother over again in all but sex. (*Madge catches Lily's eye, and claps her hands, silently and irritatingly, in her lap.*)

AUNT ISABEL:—As for my own opinion—(*the girls lean forward eagerly*)—I haven't one. (*They collapse.*) I'm as much in the dark as you. Jenny Comberwood—Lady Roxie, I mean—never behaved nicely to poor Charles's family. But we shall see for ourselves to-night.

LILY (*timidly*):—But you've had letters from Cousin Frederick?

AUNT ISABEL:—Short notes, my dear. All I know is that he's poor Charles's son, and that he's written a book.

LILY:—A book? A real book? Cousin Frederick's written a book?

MADGE (*at the same moment*):—Oh, auntie, do let's have a look at it!

AUNT ISABEL:—I have not seen it myself yet, dears. He's bringing it to-night. It's only out this week. He sent it on in front, from Japan, to be published at once.

MADGE:—And what's it called?

AUNT ISABEL:—It's called— Dear, dear, my poor old brains! It's called— oh yes, *Canadians and Geraniums*!

MADGE and LILY:—*Canadians and Geraniums*?

AUNT ISABEL:—Yes.

LILY:—How strange! (*To Madge.*) But it shows he loves flowers. (*To herself.*) Still, I wish it had been lilies or forget-me-nots.

The Dome

MADGE:—*Canadians and Geraniums!* At any rate he has fun in him to mix them up like that.

AUNT ISABEL:—It is reviewed in two of this morning's papers, only I've not had time to read them. (*She rings, and Jane enters.*) Jane, where have you put the newspapers?

JANE (*taking them from a bamboo stand*):—They're here, ma'am, all the time. (*She dexterously slips the spectacles under the rim of a plate, and goes out.*)

MISS ISABEL:—Jane—Ja-a-ne!

JANE:—Yes, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL:—Where have you put my spectacles?

JANE (*in an injured tone*):—They're here, ma'am, all the time. (*Jane goes out.*)

MISS ISABEL:—Why, so they are! If only I'd had them on I should have found them at once.

MADGE:—Chestnuts, chestnuts, auntie!

AUNT ISABEL (*mystified*):—Chestnuts?

MADGE:—Yes. Or else it's as I've always said, and we Dreystones have some Irish blood in us.

AUNT ISABEL:—But, Madge dear, I don't—

LILY (*caressing her*):—Never mind her. Madge is such a tease. Take no notice of her, but show me the reviews. (*Jane returns.*)

JANE:—Mr. Gudgeon, ma'am; and might he kindly speak to you a minute?

MISS ISABEL:—Very well, Jane. You see I'm running away again, dears. (*She goes out. The girls huddle behind a paper.*)

Cousin Frederick

MADGE:—*Geraniums and Canadians.*

LILY:—It isn't.

MADGE:—It is.

LILY:—It's *Canadians and Geraniums.*

MADGE:—Same thing, only sillier. It isn't on this page.

LILY:—"Theatrical Divorce Case: Extraordinary Disclosures."

MADGE:—We must look at that after, Lil. Remind me.

LILY:—You ought to be ashamed, Madge. "Mr. Carruthers Effingham's *Ballads and Sonnets* (Second Series)." We must read that aloud to-night.

MADGE:—Not *very* loud, Lil, or you'll wake me.

LILY:—"Californians and *Chrysanthemums.*"

MADGE:—"By Frederick Dreystone."

LILY:—But aunt said it was *Canadians and Geraniums.*

MADGE:—She ought to know. Perhaps it's a misprint. But it's all the same. It's Cousin Frederick—our Frederick. Beg pardon, Lil. *Your* Frederick, I mean.

LILY:—Your fisherman.

MADGE:—No. Your—er— (*Turns her eyes up.*) But let's see what they say. (*She begins to read.*) "This is a book of travels. But travel-books are of two kinds. There are the tiresome brayings of the mere globe-trotter, and there is the Master's immortal *Donkey in the Cevennes.*" That's queer, Lil,— "immortal donkey."

The Dome

LILY:—It is a famous work by Robert Louis Steven—

MADGE (*reading on*):—"The book before us is not another *Inland Voyage*, but it is just as certainly not a globe-trotter's diary. We trace the hand of a conscientious man of letters in every chapter; while in the descriptions of Japanese landscapes in spring Mr. Dreystone is more than a careful literary man. He is a poet." (*Madge throws the paper down.*) Here, Lil, I've had enough of this rubbish. A poet! When we get votes and go to Parliament, I'll bring in a bill to make poetry penal. I said all along this Frederick would be a muff.

LILY (*reading aloud in triumph*):—"In the Californian sketches the author is less successful. He has the defects of his qualities. Indeed, it is impossible that a hand able to limn so daintily the graces and beauties of far Japan should be equally successful in laying on the uncouth masses of crude Californian colour. But there was doubtless an artistic purpose in including these chapters. To Mr. Dreystone on his enviable tour, and to the reader who peruses his delightful account of it, Japan follows California, and is the more strikingly Japan by contrast."

MADGE (*who has been looking at the other paper*):—Listen, Lil, listen! "*Californians and Chrysanthemums*, by Frederick Dreystone. A real book of travels at last. The unfortunate title at first repelled us. We feared another pretentious monger of laboured epigrams and

Cousin Frederick

paradoxes had us in his clutch. But we soon found ourselves splendidly disappointed. In this book the windows are wide open, and hearty fresh air blows through it from end to end. If Mr. Dreystone has ever heard of style he has happily forgotten it. He writes with a straightforward naturalness which seems to make him our friend from the very start. Eloquent pages there are in plenty; but it is always the unstudied eloquence of an educated English gentleman with an enthusiasm for the country, animal life, and the open air; which is a very different thing from the overwrought prose-poetry of the mere stylist glancing at nature through his study windows. The Californian chapters are by far the best. Writing of the Land of the Rising Sun, Mr. Dreystone is self-conscious and less happy. He walks rather gingerly among the Mikado's screens, and fans, and porcelain vases, as if half afraid that the Crysanthemum Kingdom may come tumbling about his ears. California is the smoke-room where Mr. Dreystone stretches his legs at ease, and tells of a run across country, or the landing of a big pike; Japan is the drawing-room where he joins the ladies. They are very elegant, very sweet, very beautiful; but they fill him less with admiration than with constraint." (*Madge rushes up to Lily and waves the paper like a flag.*)

MADGE :—"A run across country"! "Landing a big pike"! Three cheers for Freddy! He isn't a muff after all.

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LILY (*dignified*):—The *Morning Circular*, from which you so demonstratively quote, is well known to be a paper that is quite negligible in matters of literary criticism. The *Daily Banner*, on the other hand, from which we read first, is admitted on all hands to have the ablest staff of reviewers in London.

MADGE:—Stuff and nonsense! You've just made that up to suit yourself.

LILY (*coldly*):—Whether it suited me or not I should say the same, because it is the truth. I repeat it. The *Morning Circular* is worthless for reviews of books: the *Daily Banner* is practically infallible.

MADGE:—Good old *Daily Banner*! But I'll back the *Morning Circular* this time for all that. I mean to wear this copy next my heart because it cracks up Freddy. (*She begins to fold the paper, then calls out suddenly*)—Why, Lil, old girl, we've mixed them! This is the *Daily Banner*!

LILY (*confused*):—I—

MADGE:—See! and you've got the *Morning Circular*! (*She bursts out laughing. Lily sits down, covered with vexation. Madge jumps on a chair and swings the paper to and fro.*)

MADGE:—Good old *Banner*—let it wave! For reviews of books the *Morning Circular* is worthless: the *Daily Banner* is practically infallible. Should never have known it if I hadn't had a literary sister.

LILY:—You're an unkind, mean, spiteful thing, Madge!

Cousin Frederick

MADGE:—Cheer up, old girl.

LILY (*crying*):—I hope Frederick will be four feet high, with carrotty hair, and I hope he'll be as ugly as sin.

MADGE:—He'll be sure to prefer the gloaming if he's that sort, Lil. I know I should.

LILY (*stamping*):—You're horrid, horrid, *horrid*!

MADGE (*still on the chair, not noticing the entrance of Jane*):—Hurrah! Three times three for the *Daily Banner*! It's infallibly practical. Down with the *Morning Circular*! Hip, hip, hip hooray for Canadians and Cabbages, and Kaffirs and Cauliflowers, and Paddies and potatoes, and Fredericks and fishermen! Hooray for Cousin — (*Lily catches sight of Jane and pulls Madge down. They go out, Madge convulsed with laughter, Lily crimson with indignation. Jane closes the door, and, leaping on a chair, waves the paper frantically to and fro.*)

JANE:—Hooray! Hip, hip, hip hooray for them reely, sertingly, thurrerly, extrordany, perfickly well-haired beds! Hooray! (*The hall bell rings loudly. JANE hurries out, and returns with a telegram in her hand.*)

JANE (*scared*):—It's a tellygrum! I wonder who's dead or unnervoiderbully detained?

MISS ISABEL (*at the door*):—What's that, Jane?

JANE:—A tellygrum, ma'am.

MISS ISABEL (*agitated*):—Madge! Lily! (*The girls come in.*)

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MADGE :—What's wrong, auntie?

LILY :—Oh, dear aunt Isabel, what is the matter?

MISS ISABEL (*faintly*):—A telegram. I'm so silly and weak, I know, darlings; but a telegram always upsets me. Madge, my pet, open it. I fear something's happened to dear Frederick.

MADGE (*tearing it open and reading*):—"Deeply sorry cannot come. My father-in-law seriously ill. Will write."

MISS ISABEL (*wailing*):—Not coming! Frederick not coming!

MADGE :—Not coming!

LILY :—But, Aunt Isabel,—his—his father-in-law? His father-in-law?

MISS ISABEL (*piteously*):—And they've never told me! Oh, that hateful Jenny Comberwood! He is married!

MADGE and LILY :—Married!

MISS ISABEL (*faintly*):—Yes, he's married. (*Collapses into an arm-chair in the centre.*)

LILY (*tragically*):—He's married! (*Flings herself upon a couch on the right.*)

MADGE (*grimly*):—Freddy's married! (*Sits down abruptly on the left.*)

JANE (*looking at them in despair*):—O Lor', what shall I do with 'em? It's a regular 'orspital! How can I get 'em upstairs while William runs for the doctor? (*An idea suddenly strikes her, and she turns to Miss Isabel brightly.*) Please, ma'am—all the beds is haired perfectly!

J. E. Woodmeald.

Drawing, Painting and Engraving







The Woodcuts of Lucas Cranach

The woodcuts of Lucas Cranach are not so well known in England as they deserve to be. Original impressions are rare and costly, and the splendid volume of facsimiles recently published at Berlin is not likely to find its way to many English libraries. The national collection, fortunately, contains an almost unrivalled set of the original cuts, and those readers of *The Dome* who take pleasure in the Annunciation and the Saxon Prince will find it worth their while to study there the whole of Cranach's work in black-and-white.

These two examples have been chosen, partly because they do not suffer so much by reduction as the larger and more crowded designs. Cranach, like most German artists, was rather fond of getting as much detail as possible into a given space, and when that space is curtailed, the minute finish seems trivial, and the intricacy of the design is unduly emphasised. But they have been chosen, too, because they illustrate, each with its own peculiar charm, two characteristic sides of Cranach's art.

The Dome

Religion, and the daily life of the Saxon Electors, whose Court painter he was, interested him before all things. Cranach, who was born in 1472, was closely associated in his later years with Luther and Melanchthon and the unfortunate Elector John Frederick, and passed through all the stages of the Reformation before his death in 1553 at Weimar, where his famous altar-piece, with its Protestant allegories, still remains. But we are not concerned now with Cranach as a painter. As an engraver and draughtsman on wood, he belongs almost exclusively to the time of Frederick the Wise, and all his best work was done between 1505 and 1520. That was a time when the Reformation was in the air, but had not begun to make itself very visible in art. Popular devotion demanded as many pictures as ever of Our Lady and the Saints, and the best artists and most serious men, Dürer and Holbein and Cranach, stirred as they were to the depths of their souls by Luther's teaching, were not abandoning the traditional subjects. There was just this difference, that strictly scriptural events came to hold a larger place than of old among the more legendary and fantastic scenes derived from the apocryphal Gospels or the Lives of the Saints. There is nothing in Cranach's work of a distinctly Protestant character, except the satirical contrasts in his book, *Christ and Anti-Christ*, of 1521. But there is a new way of looking at the old subjects. His John the Baptist preaches behind a wooden bar, under the trees,

The Woodcuts of Lucas Cranach

just as in any German print, but he is addressing no conventional group of Jews, but an eager, living crowd of men and women, true Germans drawn straight from life, who are drinking in the new doctrines with faces upturned to the Forerunner. There is the same feeling in his Woman of Samaria, and above all, in his Holy Family, where St. Anne and the Virgin are teaching the Holy Child from the Scriptures, while a delightful group of German children at lessons and at play take up the foreground; and on the margin of some old copies is printed the hymn which the Wittenberg schoolboys sang on St. Gregory's Day.

There is nothing Protestant, certainly, about this Annunciation, but it is full of simplicity and reverence, and profoundly original, while there are few German designs which contain so much positive beauty and grace. There was never a more courteous Gabriel than this gentle, serious lad in a dalmatic, with a circlet round his curly locks. How well his wings combine with the stately lines of the architecture!

The Saxon prince (if such he be, for the print has no traditional title) is one of those subjects, taken straight from the courtly life around him, in which Cranach excels. The boy has just seen something, a hare, probably, disturbed by the approach of the horse, in which he is keenly interested, and his look and gesture are lifelike. This choice of a momentary action for the sake of its own picturesqueness was something quite novel in 1506. The two shields on the tree are the

The Dome

arms of Saxony, which constantly occur on Cranach's prints, and refer to his official rank as Court painter. The winged serpent at the foot of the Annunciation was his own crest.

This horse is not a favourable example of Cranach's skill in drawing animals, for which he was specially famous in his own day. He was more successful with deer and hounds, and he has placed a noble group of stags round the tree in the Garden of Eden in another woodcut, not without a thought of symbolism, for the stag is an emblem of long life, suitable to our first parents in their state of innocence. We read in a letter of the humanist, Christoph Scheurl, how the artist used to ride with the royal brothers, Frederick and John of Saxony, to the chase, and how the princes took as much delight in his sketches as in their own exploits in the field. A large woodcut shows one of these hunts, with the stags taking the water. Four others give the best representation which we possess of a tournament at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the fashions may be studied among the distinguished spectators on the balcony, and the humbler people round the lists. There are mythological subjects also among the cuts, a Venus, a Marcus Curtius, and a very curious and typically German Judgment of Paris. This, like many of the others, especially a St. Jerome, contains admirable studies of trees and landscape. But the groups of children are, after all, the most charming of the Saxon painter's creations. There is a

The Woodcuts of Lucas Cranach

repose on the Flight into Egypt, which almost rivals the Carpenter's Yard in Dürer's *Life of the Virgin*. Seven little winged beings have carried their music-books up to the branch of a tree for a concert; another flutters down with a big trumpet and a Saxon banner; a number more are gathering flowers and leaves, or playing with the water, as children will do, before they carry it from the spring. The dancing angels in another Holy Family are almost as pretty, and the child Jesus dances for glee on his mother's lap as he sees them.

It is true of many a German artist, but especially true of Cranach, that his woodcuts show him to greater advantage than his paintings. The latter are scattered up and down the galleries of Europe, often in absurdly incongruous proximity to pictures of other schools; their preservation is imperfect, their authenticity often doubtful; whereas the whole collection of his work on wood may be studied and compared in one place; one print helps to explain another, and the artist's personality comes more and more clearly into view. He was not so great a master of his craft as Dürer, who received a scientific training from the Italians, without sacrificing in the least degree his strong Teutonic individuality. He had not the same profundity of feeling, and was quite incapable of producing a Passion series which could compare with Dürer's. Wittenberg was provincial, as compared with Nuremberg or Basle; and all Germany was provincial in the extreme, as

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compared with Florence or Venice. But those who know what German culture was capable of producing, and will not look for more, will find much that is interesting, much that is beautiful, and nothing that is not genuinely German, in the art of Lucas Cranach.

Campbell Dodgson.





The Sea-Spell

The Sea-Spell, painted in 1877, is possibly one of the least familiar of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures so far as the general public is concerned. Its model was Miss Wilding, who sat also for *Veronica Veronese*, to which it is in some ways a companion. At one time it formed part of the Leyland Collection at the famous house near Prince's Gate, which contained the Peacock Room and other marvels. It was not shown at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of the artist's work, but (if memory is to be trusted) was hung at the Burlington Fine Arts Club the same season, and as an item of the Leyland Collection was again seen by the public when it was sold at Christie's in May 1892. It fetched four hundred and twenty guineas. So much for its commercial history; the records of obvious facts which many people find so much more interesting than any description of the work itself.

As regards the subject of *The Sea-Spell*, the most enthusiastic admirer might well pause before describing it, when he remembers that Rossetti himself wrote a sonnet illustrating the picture—

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"Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple tree,
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
Between its chords ; and as the wild notes swell,
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?
What netherworld gulf-whispers doth she hear,
In answering echoes from what planisphere,
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell : and when full soon
Her lips move and she soars into her song,
What creatures of the midmost main shall throng
In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune :
Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,
And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die?"

Considered technically, opinions by no means agree as to the place of this picture among Rossetti's masterpieces. "Not quite attaining the high standard of excellence exemplified so markedly in the other and kindred works," says one critic. Yet the rose-crowned figure clad in silver grey drapery, sitting beneath an apple tree, is free from many of the peculiar and at times distressing mannerisms the painter employed in his later works. The reproduction here, while it gives a good general idea of the picture, fails to suggest the glimpse of the sea sparkling in sunshine, and the patches of bright blue sky seen through the branches of the trees.

To set down an appreciation of a picture side by side with its presentation in a photographic paraphrase would be not merely a futile effort, but one doomed to failure. For colour, which is the lasting charm of Rossetti's work, cannot be suggested by bare words

The Sea-Spell

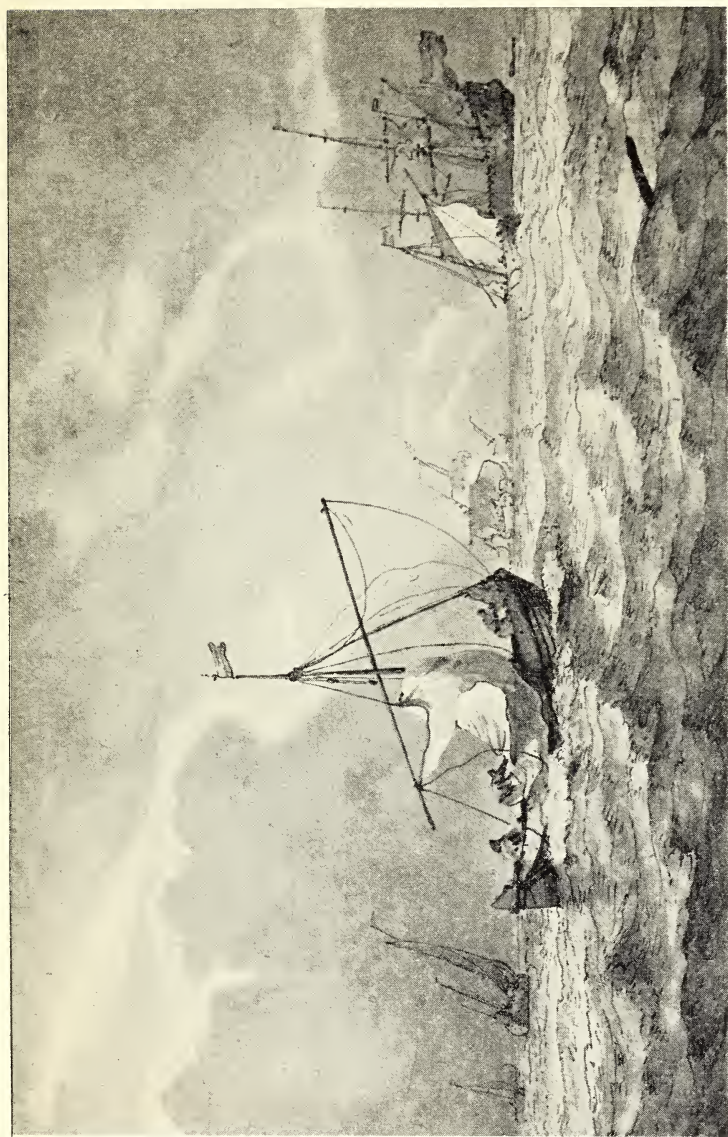
any more easily than by ordinary process blocks. What avail would it be to pile up names of pigments and metals to describe the breast of a humming-bird? No studied mosaic of dull sentences could suggest the wonderful iridescence to one ignorant of the living reality. Nor would an ecstasy of rapturous approval of the symbolism and soulfulness of this delightful painting do much more than show a capacity for gush on the part of the eulogist. But, after all, things one really loves need not be analysed too minutely in public: the technical qualities of a painting may indeed be pointed out, but unless to those interested technically it is but waste labour so to do.

This may appear to be a mere excuse for avoiding a task which many admirers of *The Sea-Spell* would rejoice to undertake. It may be; but, all the same, silence—broken at most but by a frank expression of pleasure—seems more decent when you have not merely the picture itself, seen through a glass darkly it is true, but fairly accurately seen, accompanied by the painter's interpretation phrased as only a poet could phrase it. Without any treason to the memory of a Rossetti, it is impossible to place him among the real masters of technique. No sane disciple would claim as much; yet to own this augurs no lack of appreciation for the peculiar genius which brought intensely wrought expression and power to portray certain passionate moods, in a way no artist had attempted before. His place is first among masters of sentiment. But even there one may yet

The Dome

hesitate before reiterating the obvious at full length, or adding clumsy misreadings of the theme to those the poet-painter has left to record; and true admirers of *The Sea-Spell* will be satisfied to let the poem amplify the meaning, or the picture further elucidate the poem, whichever version of the theme appeals to them most.

Gleeson White.



Music

Aus Mirza Schaffy.

Agitato, ma legato.

Liza Lehmann.

mf

Ich *sü...che durch Mü...hen*
From thee I endea...vour my

mf

ped. * *ped.* *

poco rall.

mei...ne Gedan...ken *von Dir zu lenken ;*
thoughts to sev...er, But, in vain; they

poco rall.

ped. * *ped.* *

Aber *sie glühen zu* *Dir ohne wanken, Ich*
turn a-gain, they turn to thee ever and

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

muss Dein ge... den... ken.
 nev er can sev... or

pp a tempo
 Wie nach der Sonne ver... langen die Reben, Ver...
 As the vine... yard longs for the sun... shine, my

langt's mich nach Dir, meine Sonne, mein Leben! Ver...
 soul longs for thee, my be... lov... ed, my Sunshine! my

langt's mich nach Dir, meine Son... ne, mein
 soul longs for thee, my be... lo... ved, my

sempre cresc
ff

Handwritten musical score for piano and voice. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems.

System 1:

- Vocal Lines:**
 - Top line: *Le Sun... ben! shine!*
 - Second line: *colla voce* and *a tempo.*
- Piano Accompaniment:**
 - Left hand: *ff* (fortissimo), followed by a melodic line.
 - Right hand: A series of eighth notes.
 - Handwritten notes: *ped* (pedal) and *** (asterisk) are placed below the staff.

System 2:

- Piano Accompaniment:**
 - Left hand: A series of eighth notes.
 - Right hand: A series of eighth notes.
 - Handwritten notes: *ped* and *** are placed below the staff.

System 3:

- Piano Accompaniment:**
 - Left hand: A series of eighth notes.
 - Right hand: A series of eighth notes.
 - Handwritten notes: *LN* (likely *LN* for *LN* or *LN* for *LN*) and *ped* are placed below the staff.

Minuet.

Tempo di Menuetto. Edward Elgar

Piano

leggiero

cres.

dim.

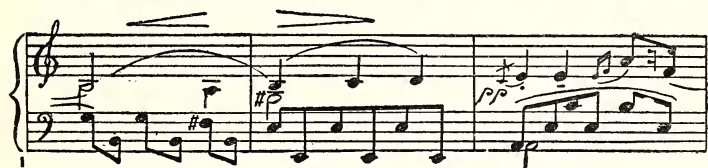
1.

2.

pp

cres.

Sempre legato.



Trio a tempo.

ppp

2nd time ppp

dim

1.

2.

Tempo primo

dim.

sempre legato.

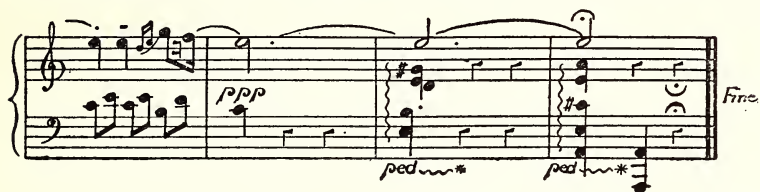
sonoro.
f
gves.

cres.
sf
dim.
gves.

dim.

mf

dim. molto



Tschaikowsky and his "Pathetic" Symphony

A very little while since Tschaikowsky was little more than a name in England. He had visited us some two or three times, and it was generally believed that he composed; but he had not written any piece without which no orchestral programme could be considered complete, and the mere suggestion that his place might possibly be far above Gounod would certainly have been received with open derision. However, when his fame became great and spread wide on the Continent, he became so important a man in the eyes of English musicians, that Cambridge University thought fit to honour itself by offering him an honorary musical degree. Tschaikowsky, simple soul, good-humouredly accepted it, apparently in entire ignorance of the estimation in which such cheap decorations are held in this country; and it is to be hoped that before his death he obtained a hearing in Russia for the Cambridge professor's music. The incident, comical as it appeared to those of us who knew the value of

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony

musical degrees, the means by which they are obtained, and the reasons for which they are conferred, yet served a useful purpose, by calling public attention to the fact that there was living a man who had written music that was fresh, a trifle strange perhaps, but full of vitality, and containing a new throb, a new thrill. Since 1893 his reputation has steadily grown, but in a curious way. One can scarcely say with truth that Tschaikowsky is popular: it is his "Pathetic" symphony that is popular. Had he not written the "Pathetic," one may doubt whether he would be much better known to-day than he was in 1893. It caught the public fancy as no other work of his caught it, and on the strength of its popularity many of the critics do not hesitate to call it a great symphony, and on the strength of the symphony, Tschaikowsky a great composer. (For in England criticism largely means saying what the public thinks.) Passionately though that symphony is admired, hardly any other of his music can be truly said to get a hearing; for on the rare occasions when it is played the public thoughtfully stays away. Tschaikowsky shares with Gray and one or two others in ancient and modern times the distinction of being famous by a single achievement. The public is jealous for the supremacy of that achievement, and will not hear of there being another equal to it.

Whether the public is right or wrong, and whether we all are or are not just a little inclined to-day to exaggerate Tschaikowsky's gifts and the value of his music, there can be no doubt whatever that he was a

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singularly fine craftsman, who brought into music a number of fresh and living elements. He seems to me to have been an extraordinary combination of the barbarian and the civilised man, of the Slav and the Latin or Teuton, the Slav barbarian preponderating. He saw things as neither Slav nor Latin nor Teuton had seen them before; the touch of things aroused in him moods dissimilar from those that had been aroused in anyone before. Hence, while we English regard him as a representative Russian, or at any rate Slav, composer, many Russians repudiate him, calling him virtually a Western. He has the Slav fire, rash impetuosity, passion and intense melancholy, and much also of that Slav naïveté which in the case of Dvůrák degenerates into sheer brainlessness; he has an Oriental love of a wealth of extravagant embroidery, of pomp and show and masses of gorgeous colour; but the other, what I might call the Western, civilised, element in his character, showed itself in his lifelong striving to get into touch with contemporary thought, to acquire a full measure of modern culture, and to curb his riotous lawless impulse towards mere sound and fury. It is this unique fusion of apparently mutually destructive elements and instincts that gives to Tschaiikowsky's music much of its novelty and piquancy. But apart from this uncommon fusion, it must be remembered that his was an original mind—original not only in colour but in its very structure. Had he been pure Slav, or pure Latin, his music might have been very different, but it would certainly have

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been original. He had true creative imagination, a fund of original, underived emotion, and a copiousness of invention almost as great as Wagner's or Mozart's. His power of evolving new decorative patterns of a fantastic beauty seemed quite inexhaustible; and the same may be said of his schemes and combinations and shades of colour, and the architectural plans and forms of his larger works. It is true that his forms frequently enough approach formlessness; that his colours—and especially in his earlier music—are violent and inharmonious; and that in his ceaseless invention of new patterns his Slav naïveté and lack of humour led him more than a hundred times to write unintentionally comic passages. He is discursive—I might say voluble. Again, he had little or no real strength—none of the massive healthy strength of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner: his force is sheer hysteria. He is wanting in the deepest and tenderest human feeling. He is plausible to a degree that leads one to suspect his sincerity, and certainly leaves it an open question how long a great deal of his music will stand after this generation, to which it appeals so strongly, has passed away. But when all that may fairly be said against him has been said and given due weight, the truth remains that he is one of the few great composers of this century. I myself, in all humility, allowing fully that I may be altogether wrong, while convinced that I am absolutely right, deliberately set him far above Brahms, above Gounod, above Schumann—above all save Beethoven,

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Weber, Schubert, and Wagner. His accomplishment as a sheer musician was greater than either Gounod's or Schumann's, though far from being equal to Brahms'—for Brahms as a master of the management of notes stands with the highest, with Bach, Mozart, and Wagner; while as a voice and a new force in music neither Brahms nor Schumann nor Gounod can be compared with him other than unfavourably. All that are sensitive to music can feel, as I have said, the new throb, the new thrill; and that decides the matter.

A few weeks ago Mr. Henry Wood, the only Englishman who may be ranked with the great Continental conductors, gave a Tschaikowsky concert, with a programme that included some of the earlier, as well as one or two of the later works. It served to show how hard and how long Tschaikowsky laboured to attain to lucidity of expression, and why the "Pathetic" symphony is popular while the other compositions are not. In all of them we find infinite invention and blazes of Eastern magnificence and splendour; but in the earlier things there is little of the order and clarity of the later ones. Another and a more notable point is that in not one thing played at this concert might the human note be heard. The suite (Op. 55) and the symphony (Op. 36) are full of novel and dazzling effects—for example, the scherzo of the symphony played mainly by the strings pizzicato, and the scherzo of the suite, with the short, sharp notes of the brass and the rattle of the side-drum; the melodies also are new, and

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in their way beautiful ; in form both symphony and suite are nearly as clear as anything Tschaikowsky wrote ; in fact, each work is a master-work. But each is lacking in the human element, and without the human element no piece of music can be popular for long. The fame of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, is still growing and will continue to grow, because every time we hear their music it touches us ; while Weber, mighty though he is, will probably never be better loved than he is to-day, because his marvellously graphic picturesque music does not touch us—cannot, was not intended to, touch us ; and the fame of Mendelssohn and the host of lesser men who did not speak with a human accent of human woe and weal wanes from day to day. The composer who writes purely decorative music, or purely picturesque music, may be remembered as long as he who expresses human feeling ; but he cannot hope to be loved by so many. It is because Tschaikowsky has so successfully put his own native emotions, his own aspirations and hopes and fears and sorrows, into the "Pathetic," that I believe it has come to stay with us, while many of his other works will fade from the common remembrance. Surely it is one of the most mournful things in music ; yet surely sadness was never uttered with a finer grace, with a more winning carelessness, as one who tries to smile gaily at his own griefs. Were it touched with the finest tenderness, as Mozart might have touched it, we might—if we could once get thoroughly accustomed to a few of the unintentionally humorous passages I have referred

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to—have to set it by the side of the G minor and “Jupiter” symphonies. As it is, it unmistakably falls short of Mozart by lacking that tenderness, just as it falls short of Beethoven by lacking profundity of emotion and thought; but it does not always fall so far short. There are passages in it that neither Beethoven nor Mozart need have been ashamed to own as theirs; and especially there is much in it that is in the very spirit of Mozart—Mozart as we find him in the *Requiem*, rather than the Mozart of *Don Giovanni* or the *Figaro*. The opening bars are, of course, ultra-modern: they would never have been written had not Wagner written something like them first; but the combination of poignancy and lightness and poise with which the same phrase is delivered and expanded as the theme for the allegro is quite Mozartean, and the same may be said of the semi-quaver passage following it. The outbursts of Slavonic fire are, of course, Tschaikowsky pure and simple; but everyone who hears the symphony may note how the curious union of barbarism with modern culture is manifest in the ease with which Tschaikowsky recovers himself after one of these outbursts—turns it aside, so to speak, instead of giving it free play after the favourite plan both of Borodine the great and purely Russian composer, and Dvůrák the little Hungarian composer. The second theme does not appear to me equal to the rest of the symphony. It has that curious volubility and “mouthing” quality that sometimes gets into Tschaikowsky’s music; it is plausible and pretty; it suggests

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a writer who either cannot or dare not use the true tremendous word at the proper moment, and goes on delivering himself of journalistic stock phrases which he knows will move those who would be left unmoved were the right word spoken. There is nothing of this in the melody of the second movement. Its ease is matched by its poignancy: the very happy-go-lucky swing of it adds to its poignancy; and the continuation, another instance of the untamed Slav under the influence of the most finished culture, has a wild beauty, and at the same time communicates the emotion more clearly than speech could. The mere fact that it is written in five-four time counts for little: nothing is easier than to write in five-four time when once you have got the trick; the remarkable thing is the skill and tact with which Tschaikowsky has used precisely the best rhythm he could have chosen—a free, often ambiguous rhythm—to express that particular shade of feeling. The next movement is one of the most astounding ever conceived. Beginning like an airy scherzo, presently a march rhythm is introduced, and before one has realised the state of affairs we are in the midst of a positive tornado of passion. The first tunes then resume; but again they are dismissed, and it becomes apparent that the march theme is the real theme of the whole movement—that all the others are intended simply to lead up to it, or to form a frame in which it is set. It comes in again and again with ever greater and greater clamour until it seems to overwhelm

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one altogether. There is no real strength in it—the effect is entirely the result of nervous energy, of sheer hysteria; but as an expression of an uncontrollable hysterical mood it stands alone in music. It should be observed that even here Tschaikowsky's instinctive tendency to cover the intensity of his mood with a pretence of carelessness had led him to put this enormous outburst into a rhythm that, otherwise used, would be irresistibly jolly. The last movement, too, verges on the hysterical throughout. It is full of the blackest melancholy and despondency, with occasional relapses into a tranquillity even more tragic; and the trombone passage near the end, introduced by a startling stroke on the gong, inevitably reminds one of the spirit of Mozart's *Requiem*.

The whole of this paper might have been devoted to a discussion of the technical side of Tschaikowsky's music; for the score of this symphony is one of the most interesting I know. It is full of astonishing points, of ingenious dodges used not for their own sake, but to produce, as here they nearly always do, particular effects; and throughout the part-writing the texture of the music is most masterly and far beyond anything Tschaikowsky achieved before. For instance, the opening of the last movement has puzzled some good critics, for it is written in a way which seems like a mere perverse and wasted display of skill. But let anyone imagine for a moment the solid, leaden, lifeless result of letting all the parts descend together, instead of

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setting them, as Tschaikowsky does, twisting round each other, and it will at once be perceived that Tschaikowsky never knew better what he was doing, or was more luckily inspired, than when he devised the arrangement that now stands. Much as I should like to have debated dozens of such points, it is perhaps better after all just now to have talked principally of the content of Tschaikowsky's music; for when all is said, in Tschaikowsky's music it is the content that counts. I might describe that content as modern, were it not that the phrase means little. Tschaikowsky is modern because he is new, and in this age, when the earth has grown narrow, and tales of far-off coasts and unexplored countries seem wonderful no longer, we throw ourselves with eagerness upon the new thing, in five minutes make it our own, and hail the inventor of it as the man who has said for us what we had all felt for years. Nevertheless it may be that Tschaikowsky's attitude towards life, and especially towards its sorrows,—the don't-care-a-hang attitude,—is modern; and anyhow, in the sense that it is so new that we seize it first amongst a hundred other things, this symphony is the most modern piece of music we have. It is imbued with a romanticism beside which the romanticism of Weber and Wagner seems a little thin-blooded and pallid; it expresses for us the emotions of the over-excited and over-sensitive man as they have not been expressed since Mozart; and at the present time we are quite ready for a new and less Teutonic romanticism than Weber's,

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and to enter at once into the feelings of the brain-tired man. That the "Pathetic" will for long continue to grow in popularity I fully expect; and that after this generation has hurried away it will continue to have a large measure of popularity I also fully expect, for in it, together with much that appeals only to us unhealthy folk of to-day, there is much that will appeal to the race no matter how healthy it may become, so long as it remains human in its desires and instincts.

John F. Runciman.

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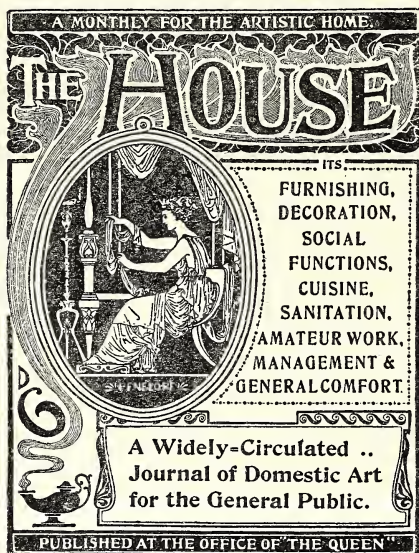
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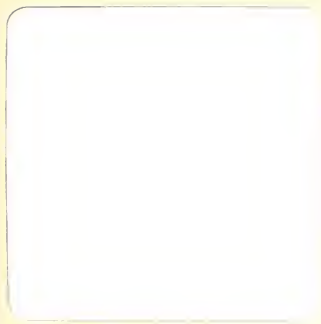
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